

THE /8.
HEROES:
A NEW
BALLAD.

To the Tune of ---*Sally in our Alley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. MOORE near St. Paul's. 1745.

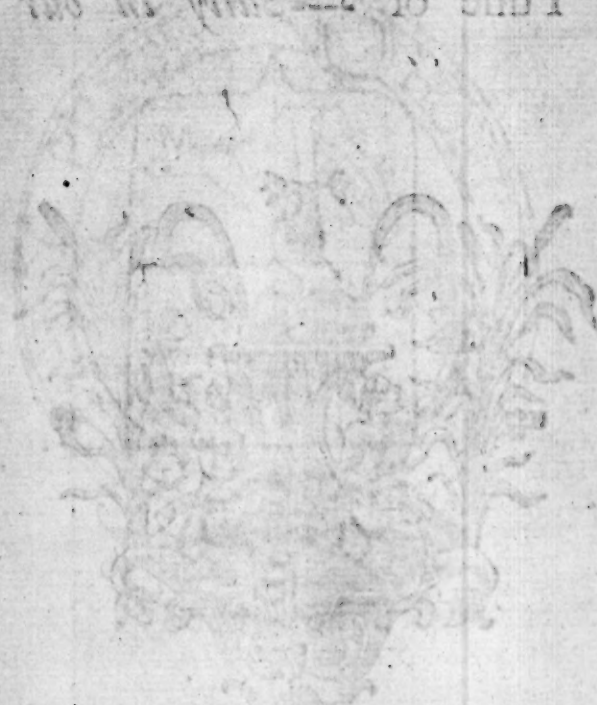
[*Price Six-Pence.*]

THE HERBES:

A NEW

BRILLIANT

To the Taste of ——— in our Alley.



LONDON:

Printed for M. Moore near St. Dun's. 1745.

[Printer's Mark]

(3)

II.

THE HEROES:

But high and low they all agree
A
New BALLAD, &c.

A Foot below the Standard.

III.

OF all the Jobs that e'er have past
Our House, since times of Jobbing;

Sure none was ever like the Last,

Ev'n in the Days of Robin

For he himself had blush'd for Shame

At this polluted Cluster,

Of Fifteen Nobles of great Fame,

All brib'd by one false Muster.

IV. Next

II. Two

II.

Two D--kes on Horseback first appear,

Both tall and of great Prowess;

Two little B--r--ns in the Rear

(For they're, you know, the Lowest :)

But high and low they all agree

To do whatever Man dar'd;

Those ne'er so tall, and those that fall

A Foot below the Standard.

III.

Three Regiments one D-ke contents,

With two more Places, you know;

Since his B-th Kn--ghts, his G--ce delights,

In Tri-a juncta in U-no.

Now B-lt-n comes with Beat of Drums,

Tho' Fighting be his Loathing;

He much dislikes both Guns and Pikes,

But relishes the Cloathing.

IV. Next

IV.

Next doth advance, defying *France*,
 A P--r in wond'rous Buffle ;
 With Sword in Hand he stout doth stand,
 And braggs his Name is R--//--l.
 He'll beat the *French* from ev'ry Trench,
 And blow them off the Water ;
 By Sea and Land he doth command,
 And looks an errant Otter.

V.

But of this Clan, there's not a Man
 For Bravery that can be,
 (Tho' *An--t* should make a Stir)
 Compar'd with *Ma--s Gr--y*.
 His Sword and Dress both well express
 His Courage most exceeding ;
 And by his Hair you'd almost swear
 He's valiant *Charles* of *Sweden*.

VI. The

VI.

The next are *H---r, Ha---x,*

And *F---th*, choice Commanders!

For these the Nation we must Tax,

But ne'er send them to *Flanders*;

Two Corps of Men do still remain,

Earl *Ch---ly's* and Earl *B---ley's*;

The Last I hold not quite so bold

As formerly was *Hercules*.

VII.

And now, dear *G---*, thou Man of Pow'r,

And comprehensive Noddle;

Tho' you've the Gout, yet as you're stout,

Why wa'n't you plac'd in Saddle?

Then you might ride to either Side,

Chuse which *K---* you'd serve under;

But, dear Dragoon, change not too soon,

For fear of th' other Blunder.

VIII. This

VIII.

This faithful Band shall ever stand,
Defend our Faith's Defender ;
Shall keep us free from Popery,
The *French*, and the PRETENDER.
Now God bless all our M-n--try,
May they the Crown environ,
To hold in Chain whate'er P----e reign,
And rule with Links of Iron.

F I N I S.

VIII.

This faithful Band shall ever stand,

Defend our Faith's Defender;

Shall keep us free from Popery,

The French, and the Pretender.

Now God bless all our M-n-ty,

May they the Crown environ,

To hold in Chain whatever P---e reign,

And rule with Iron.



F I W I S